

520% MILLER AND LESLIE, BOSS THROUGH THE CENTRAL AS SWINDLERS, FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE.

Finance Wonder's Brother and a Girl Try to Appropriately a Roll of \$8,500.

Police Seize the Offices of the Franklin Syndicate. Eager Investors Rushed to the Place Up to the Very Last Moment.

LAWYER FRIEND SAYS THAT THE JOURNAL BROUGHT ABOUT THE INDICTMENT OF MILLER.

To the Editor of the Journal:

At the request of the New York Journal I went over to Brooklyn yesterday to consult the District-Attorney as to what measures could be taken to put a stop to the operations of William F. Miller, who, under the name of the Franklin Syndicate, has been carrying on an alleged investment business upon which he promised to pay interest to investors at the rate of 520 per cent a year.

Mr. Steele, the District-Attorney, declared to me that on the face of it the Franklin Syndicate scheme was probably a swindle, and that he proposed to prosecute Miller as soon as he could obtain the necessary evidence.

I was able, through the enterprise of the Journal, to lay before District-Attorney Steele certain evidence which he considered of the highest importance. I have since learned that Miller has been indicted, and I believe that the evidence furnished by the Journal was what enabled the Grand Jury to indict him and his agent, Leslie, for conspiracy.—Statement by Emanuel M. Friend.

WHEN the police went to close up Miller's business, at No. 144 Floyd street, Williamsburg, last night, Captain Reynolds went over the slips of the day's transactions with John L. Daly, to whom Miller had assigned the business. Daly has had charge of the receipts of money for Miller for the past ten days. He found that \$8,500 of the day's receipts were missing.

"Where is that money?" asked Reynolds.

"You will have to ask young Miller," said Daly. "I left here at 6 o'clock."

The Captain lost no time in rounding up the natty little brother of the astute operator. Louis Miller is twenty years old, and is devoted to fashionable clothes and waistcoats.

"Where is that \$8,500?" demanded the Captain.

"I don't know," said Brother Louis.

"Well, you've got to know," said the Captain.

"Well, then it's in the safe, if you must know," said young Miller.

Miller was not the first person that had had Captain Reynolds' hand on his collar, nor was the Franklin Syndicate the first queer enterprise the police official had had to deal with. He knew the tribe, and though he had not got into Miller's safe he looked into the little man's eye and told him to have done with falsehood. The bluff succeeded, and young Miller tried another tack.

"I took it over to my brother at 3 o'clock this afternoon," he said.

"You were not out of here at 3 o'clock," persisted the relentless captain.

Abstracted the Money.

He took young Miller into a side room in the deserted office, and gave him the Brooklyn equivalent of the third degree. And out of that room came a very chastened little operator with handcuffs on his wrist. He had confessed that he and a girl employee of the name of Annie Goryer, who lives next door, had determined to snatch the last day's receipts from the wreck of the business and save it for themselves. They took their next door neighbor into the room, and under a lounge, hauled a bundle as large as your arm and twisted it open. It was a missing thousands in bills of small denominations.

They marched Louis Miller up to the police station at Vernon and Tompkins avenues and locked him up and charged him with grand larceny. They questioned the girl and let her go.

Of the elder Miller, the ostensible head of the concern, the police up to a late hour last night had no trace after he left his counting house.

It is known, however, that at 2 o'clock in the afternoon he was at the office of his attorney, Robert Ammon, and at 4 o'clock he was seen in Nassau street.

Lawyer Ammon yesterday afternoon denied that his client was a fugitive from justice, and said that he was still within the jurisdiction of Kings County, and that anybody who said to see him could find him at his place of business last night.

At least 2,000 persons who clamored at the door of the Floyd street house last night for the money they had invested will bear testimony to the inaccuracy of Lawyer Ammon's statement.

Average of \$28,000 a Day.

The magnitude of the business of the Franklin Syndicate was almost beyond belief. For months his glittering promise of 520 per cent per year profit has brought to Miller an average of \$28,000 per day.

A great deal of this was from out of town and last night the business was kept busy with letters, registered and otherwise from distant points containing money orders and checks for investment.

Miller's system was simple. He would take the morning's mail and when he left his office at noon he would carry away in his valise \$10,000 or \$12,000 worth of checks and orders which he would cash. He would return with enough money to pay what dividends were due. Two or three thousand dollars per day would suffice for that. By night there would be another accumulation and when Miller left in the evening he carried off another fortune.

In all it is estimated that the Franklin Syndicate has stowed away \$800,000.

The Franklin Syndicate is really a syndicate. Miller is only an agent. Four much bigger men than he are behind the concern. The police are said to be the real persons interested, particularly Jacob Kellogg, who was the originator of E. S. Dean & Company, and who is now connected with Richard C. Perry & Company, bankers and brokers, in the same building.

At this place are several of the old employees of the E. S. Dean Company. The office has the Miller system of office accounts. The circulars are the same, except that those of Overreicht & Company offer 5 per cent a week instead of 10.

OTHER SYNDICATES LIKE THE FRANKLIN.

WHEN a week two concerns using advertising matter identical with Miller's have started in Greater New York, one at No. 32 Broadway, and the other on Greenpoint avenue, Brooklyn. The advertising bills of the latter concern have been paid by Miller. The Greenpoint avenue concern is called the Washington Syndicate.

At No. 32 Broadway the concern is called Overreicht & Company. The old E. S. Dean crowd are said to be the real persons interested, particularly Jacob Kellogg, who was the originator of E. S. Dean & Company, and who is now connected with Richard C. Perry & Company, bankers and brokers, in the same building.

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INDICTMENT OF MILLER AND LESLIE.

THE New York Journal, aided by Lawyer Emanuel M. Friend, yesterday secured the indictment of William F. Miller on evidence satisfactory to the Kings County Grand Jury that Miller's Franklin Syndicate is a fraudulent enterprise. Another indictment was returned against Miller's press agent, Cecil Leslie. The evidence was presented at a conference with District-Attorney Hiram R. Steele. Fifteen minutes after the indictments were found County Judge Hurd issued warrants for the arrest of the men. These were placed in the hands of Chief of Detectives Reynolds, of Brooklyn Police Headquarters, who immediately detailed men to make the arrest.

Before these warrants were issued Miller had left the office of the Franklin Syndicate, No. 144 Floyd street, presumably to go down to Wall Street. When the detectives got forth on their errand they had positively no assurance that the men they were looking for had left the city.

Following the spectacular history of the previous day's proceedings at the Franklin Syndicate's headquarters, fully told in yesterday's Journal, steps were taken early yesterday morning to interrupt the career of this new South Sea bubble, which had entirely hypnotized the residents of Williamsburg. On the advice of an important financial concern the Journal first appealed to F. D. Kilburn, State Superintendent of

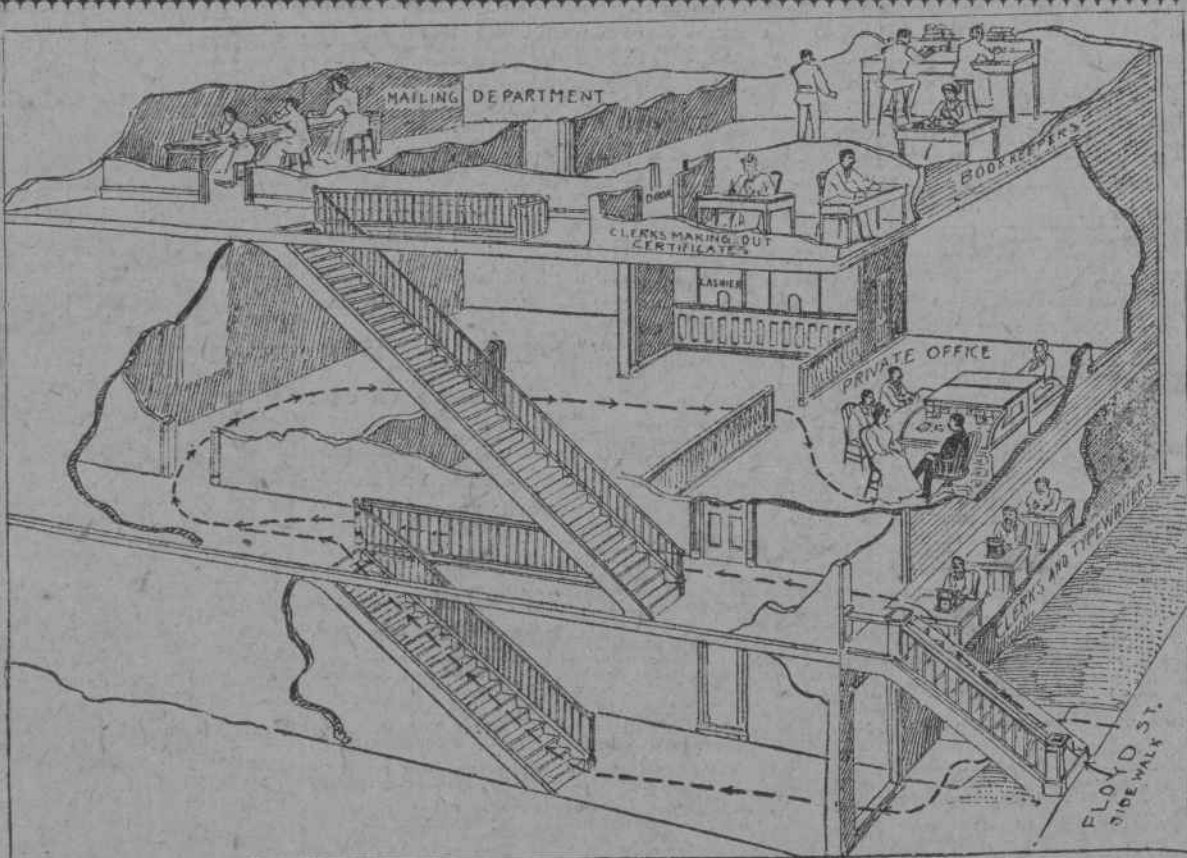


Diagram of the Frame House Occupied by the Franklin Syndicate.

Prospective investors reach Miller by way of the dotted line. The young man is visible at all times and persons desiring to see him wait outside of the rail. The entire house is occupied by the clerks necessary to the syndicate's business.



Crowds Standing About Miller's Office.

Since the Journal has made notorious the methods of the projector of this latter-day South Sea bubble, people have gathered in groups about the Williamsburg house to discuss the situation. Strange, to say, faith in Miller's promises was in general unshaken.

Bankers. The message sent to that official was in effect as follows:

William F. Miller, head of the Franklin Syndicate, Brooklyn, guarantees, and says, to each of his customers, that he will make no change which will suspend him from the syndicate's business.

"We are in the banking business," and as he receives deposits and issues evidence of indebtedness, the banking laws of the State seem to warrant you in making an examination of his books.

Kilburn is Powerless.

Superintendent Kilburn's reply was as follows:

I have seen one of these circulars before, and have been trying to do some scheme by which this business, which will evidently lead to loss, can be stopped; but I know of no power which will enable me to proceed against Mr. Miller, or in any way stop him. But before Superintendent Kilburn's reply had been received, Journal men, under the direction of Lawyer Friend, were at work searching for some means of putting an immediate stop to Miller and his enterprise.

District-Attorney Steele was already active with the same object in view. He had already said in the Journal that he was personally convinced that the Franklin Syndicate was engaging in a fraudulent enterprise of the most alarming and dangerous kind, and that the difficulty was to establish a specific complaint.

Neighbors Believed in Him.

In all the Floyd street neighborhood it was impossible to find a customer of the concern who was not convinced of Miller's absolute honesty. In that neighborhood hundreds have had money in the Franklin Syndicate for ten, twenty and even forty weeks—as stated in yesterday's Journal.

The newest among these customers had received the entire amount of their original deposit back in weekly dividends. The older customers were winners to the extent of from 100 to 400 per cent. All of these declared to all comers that if Miller's fortune should overtake their "benefactor," they would have their sympathy, not their blame.

So many of these enjoyed weekly incomes from Miller of \$10 and upward that they neglected their regular business. Daily they were to be found at the offices of the institution, and in the street, in the adjacent stores and wherever questions are likely to be asked, ready to give Miller the assistance of their personal endorsement.

Especially since newspaper attention has been directed to Miller's scheme the concern has been punctuated in promptly fulfilling all its promises. When, occasionally, a timid "investor" has wanted his money back Miller has waived the one week notice clause in his contract, and paid the money at the spot.

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District-Attorney Steele, therefore, felt necessary to wait for one of those articles which have been the wreck of similar concerns in the past. Here is where the Journal, advised by Lawyer Friend, was able to give him practical assistance. It discovered a depositor who invested with the understanding that the week's notice of withdrawal clause was waived, and who

The Fastest Time to St. Louis.

Pennsylvania Limited, at Pennsylvania Railroad, 34-50 N. E. m. daily, arrives St. Louis 1:48 p. m. next day. No extra fare.

on application for the return of his money had been refused repayment of the same. This was the complaint upon which the Grand Jury and Judge Hurd acted.

"Uncommenced Conspiracy."

As, with the exception of the specific charge on which the indictment was drawn, Miller had, so far as was known to them, kept his promises with his customers, the District-Attorney and Judge Hurd, in conference, decided to style the charge "an uncommenced conspiracy between William F. Miller and Cecil Leslie and divers other persons unknown to the Grand Jury."

Following the issuing of the indictment and warrant, District-Attorney Steele's plans were to follow the arrests with a seizure of the Franklin Syndicate's premises. The plans for the seizure were the same as for a raid on an ordinary bucket shop.

CAREER OF "COL." AMMON, MILLER'S ATTORNEY.

COLONEL "BOB" AMMON, Miller's counsel, who drew up the articles of incorporation for the Franklin Syndicate, is a picturesque figure in the circle of bucket shop operators, and of much notoriety in connection with concerns of certain reputation. He has been arrested several times and was in custody as an associate of the swindlers of the E. S. Dean Company. He was indicted in 1897 for keeping a bucket shop and was counsel for Albert Goslin, who was one of the principal members of the Dean company.

Ammon is a shrewd man. His career began as a brakeman on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad in 1877. Since then he has been a bucket shop keeper, a lawyer, a promoter of various mining companies and the president of a mining exchange which suspended. He has been in trouble with courts and clients and is a close friend of the swindlers of the E. S. Dean Company. He was indicted in 1897 for keeping a bucket shop and was counsel for Albert Goslin, who was one of the principal members of the Dean company.

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Attacks Closed THE BOSTON BRANCH.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 24.—Miller's office in Charleston, which did an enormous business, particularly with street car employees and railway brakemen, was closed out some ten days ago largely through the efforts of a local newspaper, which was constant in its attack upon the scheme.

These attacks were responsible for the drawing out of a great deal of deposited money, and this, together with the falling off in new business, also consequent upon the newspaper exposures, and the unwillingness of the local banks to cash the syndicate's checks, led Miller to come on with Colonel Ammon, a New York lawyer, and close up the branch. It is understood that he settled with those depositors who wished to withdraw, but a great many held on—and are yet holding on—in the expectation of continuing to receive their 10 per cent weekly.

The list of depositors could never be obtained, but it is known to have been very large.

One-Day Sale of Men's Overcoats, Silk or Wool Lined, \$5.95; Value \$15.

The largest assortment of men's fine overcoats at \$5.95 ever offered to the public. Sale to-day (only one day) at King's, corner Broadway and Park street. Silk or satin lined overcoats, imported English Meltons, Kerseys, and the new E. J. folds, solid blue, black or brown, all at \$5.95, any garment in the bunch worth \$14, two thousand to choose from, sale to-day only. We want to give the buyers a chance to get their overcoats for Thanksgiving at the lowest possible price. Cuts at \$5.95, 100 down new derby and alpaca hats, the \$2.00 grade, at \$1.50 and \$2.25, worth \$4. Kluge's clothing center, Broadway and Park street, open this evening until 9:30.

Pursued by Angry Creditors.

Among other mining concerns with which he was connected was the Gilt Edge Mining Company, with mines near the famous Spotted Horse mine in Montana. Ammon got possession of the gold bricks from the smelter and was pursued by former United States Senator Power, of Montana, and an army of angry creditors into another country, where he occupied the legal

Druggist Uhler Declares He Heard Miller Make Big Deals Over the Telephone.

Cleared \$64,000 in One Transaction Last Week, He Asserts, and Knows That He Made \$70,000 in the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Lobby.

There was a sprinkling of small withdrawals in the afternoon at Miller's offices. These third persons were the subject of open sneers from the majority of those in line. They hurried away as though in confusion. Still later there was a strange sense of suppressed excitement in the Franklin Syndicate rooms. Newspaper men discussing "swindles" in overland tones were jostled and bitterly denounced by old customers as persecutors of a great and good man.

It was perfectly apparent that any general remark in those rooms to the effect that Miller was a swindler would be the signal for rough handling of the offender. All such general remarks contemplated were judiciously suppressed.

A Journal reporter was followed by two angry upholders of Miller to Uhler's drug store on the corner.

An Angry Miller Client.

"If you say that Miller does not transact business on the Stock Exchange and make large profits for all of us, you lie," said one.

He was pale with excitement. Mr. Uhler looked perturbed. He said:

"That is true. Miller has made many

the Lotus, the Calumet, the Kiekerbocker club, and one or two in a big Broadway hotel. Seventh, it was evident from their conversation with the cashier, represented several of their fellow employees who had clubbed their savings to make up the \$20 minimum deposit which now prevails in Miller's concern.

At noon there was a flurry in the crowd of waiting customers over a report passed back from those at the front of the line that a woman had presented for investment a check for \$40,000, which the chief clerk had refused to accept. "Because to-morrow was Saturday." As customers after passing through the railing gate and exit by a door near the main entrance, used only for that purpose, this disappointed would-be large investor had left the building and disappeared before any curious eyes in the back rooms could overtake her. After a clerk who was asked why such a check should be refused, said:

"I don't admit the check at all. If there was such a check we could not accept it. We couldn't have accepted that much cash from one person. The limit is \$20,000."

Shortly after noon Miller put on his hat and left the office. He was followed by a crowd of customers, and he was seen where he was going. He was "Are you prepared for an investigation of your business by the State Superintendent of Banks?"

Miller smiled, and answered: "The Franklin Syndicate is not in the hands of the State Banking Superintendent. Naturally I should want to know to what authorities I am responsible in my business. So, so-called inspectors and inspectors of the State, enclosing my circulars, and stating the nature of my business. He replied promptly that he had no authority in such a case."

Detectives Watch Miller.

After the Journal's appeal to Superintendent Kilburn had been made to the desk sergeant, Vernon avenue police station, who within three blocks of Miller's establishment, with the suggestion: "Miller probably will hear this," the day is over.

"There is no occasion for fear the day will get away from us. We have constant surveillance."

As has been stated in the Journal, the police of this precinct are many of them investors with Miller. None has been found who hesitates to declare his belief in Miller's honesty and his ability to go on paying 10 per cent a week indefinitely. The desk sergeant, in the conversation just reported, added:

"We have no complaint against Miller. While we keep him constantly in sight we do not consider him at all a questionable character. If the Bank Examiner comes to investigate the Franklin Syndicate I have no doubt whatever that he will find everything all right."

When Miller had been two hours away from his office the scene there and in the street became almost unbearable. The office was crowded to suffocation. The halls in the basement and on the main floor were filled with customers waiting to invest their money. The front steps were occupied. The sidewalk was almost impassable, and across the street, for the distance of half a block, the scene contemplated by neighborhood henchmen of the Floyd street house, Napoleon of finance to the number of nearly a thousand. All these were perfectly quiet and orderly.

HOW MILLER MET THE DEAN SCHEMERS.

A FORMER employee of the Aetna Advertising Agency gives the following account of how Miller became associated with representatives of the E. S. Dean Company:

"After the collapse of the E. S. Dean Company Alfred Goslin, who was an officer of that concern, put up \$15,000 to found the Aetna Advertising Agency, the purpose of which was to handle all the advertising of the different schemes, which scheme of the collapsed concern had in contemplation."

"A. Edward Keohler, Jr., who was manager of the Aetna Advertising Agency, was formerly an employee of Guntier's International Newspaper Advertising Agency, of No. 108 Fulton street, whose main office was in Chicago. Guntier handled nine-tenths of all the bucket shop advertising of the country, including the E. S. Dean Company's. The Aetna concern lasted only about six months, and as a consequence Guntier came into all the business intended for the Aetna."

"When Miller started the Franklin Syndicate last April Guntier got his first order for newspaper advertising, which amounted to \$40. On September 25 Guntier introduced Miller to Robert W. Ammon, who had been a member of the Dean Company, and he then became Miller's attorney. Miller's business had then increased to a point where he felt the need of a legal expert familiar with the bucket shop game."

SPECIAL JURY WILL TRY DEAN PROMOTERS.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court to-day handed down a decision ordering "special juries" to try James B. Kellogg.

James B. Kellogg was indicted for grand larceny and conspiracy in connection with the Dean bucket shop case. He is charged with defrauding by means of fictitious transactions on the Stock Exchange and by means of "discreetly paid" money. The special District-Attorney, W. M. C. Olcott, applied for a special jury because of the intricate nature of the case. Kellogg's counsel, Vernon M. Davis, opposed the application.

THRONGS LOUNGE ABOUT THE OFFICE.

Scenes at the headquarters of the Franklin Syndicate up to late yesterday afternoon were a magnified duplication of those of the preceding day. Early in the day Robert A. Ammon said to a reporter:

"We ain't furnishing brains to the public at large. I've no use for 'dead ones.'"

Practically the same remark was made in Miller's offices at 11 o'clock by an advertising old customer, who added: "But this neighborhood is rapidly getting brains. Miller's kind are catching. We're all with him. It's a great thing for the poor."

Rich and poor, well-dressed and in worn and grubby clothes, they thronged Miller's office all day. In the office were men of leisure, manufactured by Miller, who felt that their weekly income from the Franklin Syndicate warranted them in spending most of their time there.

"I have \$5,000 in it," said one. "In another two weeks I shall have received that amount back in dividends. I know of my own knowledge that Miller has constantly large and profitable deals on the Stock Exchange."

Many Were Club Servants.

Their faces have been seen in the Metropolitan, the University, the Union League, and many other clubs. They were of the better class of serving people.

One club of depositors yesterday was chary about discussing. They could not conceal the fact, evident to habitués of clubs and hotels, that they were of the better class of serving people.

"I will claim all Mr. Farrington's property," said the young woman.

The mother of the dead man admits her son was married, but declares he was legally divorced.



William F. Miller, the Modern Midas.

Only twenty-three years old, he has been collecting many thousands of dollars from poor people, agreeing to pay 520 per cent a year. He was indicted yesterday through the efforts of the Journal.

process of attachment and suit. State Treasurer Timothy E. Collins, of Montana, was associated with Ammon in the Gilt Edge Company.

Ammon's most conspicuous quality is his really monumental audacity. This was well illustrated in an interview yesterday as to Miller and the Franklin Syndicate.

Colonel Ammon said:

"Why, Miller is one of the financial marvels of the age, and all this notoriety is the result of an attempt to blackmail him. I can show documents to that effect. I will stand by Miller. He had to have brains to make a success of this business and to engage me as his counsel. Miller is all right, I tell you, and is a easy mark for the blackmailers who are after him."

Colonel Ammon declined to explain the identity of a Mr. Zimmerman, who is described as a trustee of the guaranteed fund of the syndicate.

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WASHINGTON'S PET BOA ADDS 62 SNAKES TO THE ZOO.

Each is Sixteen Inches Long, an Inch in Diameter and All Are Fine Mousers.

Washington, Nov. 24.—The Zoological Park here was enriched last night by sixty-two young boa constrictors, the progeny of the great Brazilian boa which is the queen of the Zoo's snake exhibit.

The young boas average sixteen inches long and one inch in diameter. They already have killed and devoured many mice. The old boa was presented to the Zoo by Dr. J. S. Cavallo, Governor of Para. Brazil, through Commander Todd, on the recent trip up the Amazon on the gunboat Wilmington.

SINGER'S WIDOW APPEARS.

Bloomfield, Nov. 24.—When Ross P. Farrington, the operatic singer, died in a Pullman palace car while on his way to Washington, D. C., it was generally believed he was unmarried.

This morning a young and pretty woman, Maude Wallace, who conducts a boarding house in Race street, in this town, announced that she was Farrington's widow.

"I will claim all Mr. Farrington's property," said the young woman.

The mother of the dead man admits her son was married, but declares he was legally divorced.